

Professional Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

JAS. W. WOFFINDIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Weston, W. Va. All business promptly attended to. Investigation of Land Titles a specialty.

W. G. BENNETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Weston, W. Va. Will practice in Lewis and adjoining counties, and in the Court of A. Pleas and U. S. Courts.

R. J. SIMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND COMMISSIONER OF THE COUNTY COURT, Weston, W. Va. Will practice in the Courts of Lewis and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

ANDREW EDMISTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Weston, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

HENRY BRANSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Weston, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals and U. S. Courts.

J. M. BENNETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Weston, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals and U. S. Courts.

WILLIAM E. LITTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Weston, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals and U. S. Courts.

LOUIS BENNETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND COMMISSIONER OF THE COUNTY COURT, Weston, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals and U. S. Courts.

WM. E. ARNOLD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Weston, W. Va. Practices in the Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and the Court of Appeals and U. S. Courts.

H. E. FLEMING, FLEMING & BENNETT, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Glenville, W. Va. Practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals and United States Courts.

G. J. ARNOLD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Weston, W. Va. Practices in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals and United States Courts.

WM. W. BRANSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Weston, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals and United States Courts.

LINN & HAMILTON, ATTORNEYS & REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Grantsville, W. Va. Mr. Hamilton will practice in the courts of Lewis county.

PHYSICIANS.

A. M. DENT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Weston, W. Va. Office and residence opposite the Court House, on Centre Street. All calls—night and day—promptly attended to.

G. B. SIMPSON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Weston, W. Va. Can be found at his Drug Store, corner of Main and Second Street, or at his residence on Main Street. All calls—night and day—promptly attended to.

W. J. BLAND, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Weston, W. Va. Office on Main Street, two doors below the postoffice. All calls promptly attended to.

M. S. HOLT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Weston, W. Va. Office on Main Street, one door below the postoffice. Calls—night and day—promptly attended to.

T. G. EDMISTON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Weston, W. Va. Office on Bank Alley, below James Burnes' hotel.

DR. J. W. DARLINGTON, Physician and Surgeon, Salt Lick, W. Va. Tenders his professional services to the people of Salt Lick and vicinity.

M. E. WHELAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Roanoke, W. Va. All calls, night and day, promptly attended to.

Local Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS

Judge Circuit Court—J. BRANSON. Clerk—W. G. HARRISON. Pros't County Court—J. PETERSON. Clerk—J. WOOFER. Prosecuting Atty.—A. EDMISTON. Sheriff—J. G. VANDERVOTR. Supt. Free Schools—G. W. CROOK. County Surveyor—D. T. PETERSON. Assessor 1st District—JOHN KEE. " 2d "—GEO FISHER.

Justices

Wm. Turner and P. Dargan. Freeman's Creek District. Wm. Hall and W. V. Wood. Hooper's Creek District. M. McWhorter and D. R. Swisher. Callie's Settlement District. S. B. Smith and W. K. Wilson. Skia Creek District. W. V. Chidester and W. G. McWhorter.

HOLDING OF COURTS.

Circuit Courts. Lewis, 20th of February and August Gilmer, 11th of March and 20th Sept. Upshur, 25th of May and 5th Dec. Preston, 22d of March and 3d October Randolph, 11th of May and 23d Nov. Tucker, 10th of April and Oct. 21. Darbour, April 20 and November 2d. Webster, 10th of June and 6th Sept. Braxton, 18th March and 18th August Harrison, 30th May and 30th October Calhoun, 20th of May and 10th of Oct.

County Courts.

Lewis, First Monday in February, April, June, August, October and December—the June and October terms for fiscal and police business only. Gilmer—Second Monday in February April, June, August, October and December. Upshur—Second Monday in February April, June, August, October and December. Braxton—First Tuesday in January March, May, July, September and November. Webster—Fourth Tuesday in February, April, June, August, October and December. Harrison—Fourth Monday in February, March, June, August, September and November.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Mayor—J. W. Woffindin. Recorder—L. H. Wood. Aldermen—1st Ward—John Shea. 2d Ward—Wm McPhisto. 3d Ward—Jacob Schmitt. 4th Ward—Joseph A. Watson. Sergeant—J. S. Wilkinson.

CHURCHES

M. E. Church, Rev. S. E. Jones, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Sunday School at 2 o'clock, P. M. Presbyterian Church, Rev. George M. Fleming, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday. Sabbath School—Wm L. Dunnington, Superintendent—every Sunday at 9 o'clock, A. M. Catholic Church, Rev. J. A. Tracy, Pastor. Services every first and third Sundays at 7 1/2 and 10 A. M., and 7 P. M. Sabbath School—Jacob Schmitt, Superintendent—every Sunday at 2 o'clock, P. M. Episcopal Church, Rev. W. H. Powers, Pastor. Services every alternate Sabbath. Sabbath School—D. M. Bailey, acting Superintendent—at 1:30. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE MAILS

Clarksburg—daily except Sundays—leaves Weston at 5:55—arrives at 11 A. M. Braxton Court House—daily except Sundays—arrives at Weston by 5:30 P. M., and leaves Weston same day at 6:30 P. M. Glenville—daily except Sundays—leaves Weston at 8 A. M., and arrives at 5 P. M. Buckhannon—arrives at Weston 12 M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—leaves Weston 2 P. M., same days. Phillips—arrives at Weston Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 P. M.—leaves Weston Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 A. M. Mount Pleasant—leaves Weston Mondays and Thursdays at 7 A. M.—arrives Tuesdays and Fridays by 5 P. M. West Union—arrives Mondays at 5 P. M.—leaves Weston Tuesdays at 7 A. M. Sand Fork—once a week—leaves Weston Mondays at 6 A. M.—arrives Tuesdays at 3 P. M. Parties having mail to go should bring it to the office half an hour before the departure of the mails.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK OF WESTON.

Directors—R. J. McANDLISH, M. W. HARRISON, T. B. CAMPBELL, A. H. KUNST, A. A. LEWIS, R. J. McANDLISH, Pres't. M. W. HARRISON Vice-Pres't. D. M. BAILEY, Cashier.

Hotels.

THE WALDO HOUSE

Head of Main Street, Weston, I. C. WALDO, Proprietor. Simple rooms and good table. TERMS MODERATE.

Hayden House,

Second Street Weston. Conveniently located in the central portion of the town. Good rooms good table and excellent stabling. Charges Very Moderate. JAS. M. HAYDEN. Weston, Sept. 11.

BAILEY HOUSE,

E. M. TUNSTALL, Proprietor. Main Street, Weston, W. Va.

The Tierney Hotel,

P. TIERNEY, Proprietor. Main Street, Weston, W. Va. Also dealer in fine groceries, fish, tobacco cigars, confectioneries, &c. Also dealer in pure Whiskies, Brandies, &c.

Walker Hotel,

SAM'L WALKER, Proprietor. Clarksburg, W. Va.

THE SHAMROCK HOUSE,

(nearly opposite the Court House), Weston, W. Va. JAMES BURNS, Proprietor. Having refitted and re-termined this establishment, I am prepared to offer the best of accommodations to the public. Good stabling on the premises. CHARGES VERY MODERATE. THE BAR at my house is always supplied with pure liquors, of all kinds. Come and see me.

Commercial Hotel,

(FORMERLY BARTLETT HOUSE) PERRY CAMP, Proprietor. Main Street, adjoining Court House, CLARKSBURG, W. VA. Fine Sample Rooms, Telegraph office, excellent Stabling, Bus to all Trains. May 4, 1878.

RUSHVILLE HOTEL.

Rushville, Lewis Co., W. Va. WM. L. WHITE, Proprietor. The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has leased the above Hotel, and has refurnished and refitted the same. He offers the best of accommodations to the traveling public. Good stabling and excellent on the premises. He has made special arrangements for travellers and teamsters. He respectfully invites a call from his old friends and travelers.

WEST VA. UNIVETSRY

Nine departments of study; text-books furnished at cost; calendar arranged to suit teachers; expenses for one year from \$175 to \$200 non-reticular, liberal, thorough. Fall Term begins September 3d, 1879. For catalogue and other information, apply to the President, J. R. Thompson, Morgantown, W. Va.

D. T. PETERSON SURVEYOR,

Weston, W. Va. (County Surveyor Lewis County) Parties desiring my services can address Weston. Will go to any of the adjacent counties. Terms moderate.

DR. J. M. LAZIER, Resident Dentist,

Weston, W. Va. I have permanently located in Weston. All work done in a scientific manner, and warranted to give satisfaction. Prices low. Office over Lewis' Store.

DR. DUNCAN WARD

Dentist, has permanently located in the town of Weston. He can be found at present at his residence on the corner above Judge Brannon's. Wheat corn, or oats taken at the Weston in exchange for Dental work. ALL WORK WARRANTED

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE. ADDRESS: JOHNSON, CLARK & CO. ORANGE, VIRGINIA. ST. LOUIS, MO.

SELECT STORY

THE POOR MAN'S TEMPTATION.

Among the passengers aboard the ship Petrel, bound from New York to San Francisco, were Thomas Warren, his wife, and their six-year old daughter, Flora. Warren had been unfortunate. By careful saving from his income as a clerk in a dry goods store he had built a little house one-story and a half high, and there for four years, with his wife and child he had lived, happy and contented.

Then the firm employing him failed. He looked about him perseveringly for steady, honest work of some kind—not caring what—but could not obtain it. One day a laborer who was obliged to be absent from his place of toil—a bank of earth which was being removed—permitted him to act as his substitute for ten hours. Warren plied the pick and shovel manfully and received one dollar when his task was done. His health not being good, such heavy work made him ill. He could not leave his bed for months. What little money he had was all spent by that time.

He sold his house and with some of the proceeds took passage for San Francisco, as stated, hoping to there better his fortunes. "San Francisco," said his wife Mary, thoughtfully, when they were within two days' sail of that port. "It is the place where papa went, years ago, to look for Tom Marston, my poor brother, who ran away from home. But as you know, Tom was never found. We never could learn what became of him."

At that moment a terrible cry went through the craft. "Fire! Fire! Fire!" The captain and crew did all in their power to save the vessel, but in vain.

Very soon the lurid flames, roaring and hissing, enveloped nearly every part of the ship. Down went the boats and they were presently occupied by crew and passengers.

Warren had brought up from the cabin a tin box, containing five hundred dollars, which remained from the sale of his house. With his wife and child he got into one of the boats. "The petroleum!" yelled the first mate. "Pull away lively! the ship's going to blow up!"

The boat in which Warren sat was ten fathoms from the ship, when, with a roar like a bursting volcano, she flew to pieces, her fiery fragments shooting high in air. The frightened passengers made a rush, which capsized the boat. Warren's box of money sank to the bottom. He could swim and contrived to save his wife and child from drowning by holding them until one of the other boats came and picked up all the persons who were in the water.

"My box!" cried Warren. "Oh my!" groined his wife, turned pale and clasping her hands. "It has gone to the bottom of the sea!" he said wildly, his fingers twitching nervously in his agony. "If I could swim I'd dive and get it," said little Flora. "Never mind, papa, we can fill it with gold when we get to the gold town."

And taking a piece of cake from her pocket, she commenced to eat it. Warren bowed his head. He looked white and limp and gasped for breath. Then the true spirit showed itself on the part of his wife. There is no describing how she consoled him. She did it with the strange subtle power of her sex. He was still grief stricken, but somehow the horror and dismay caused by his loss were nearly gone.

Before night the passengers were picked up by a brig bound into the port of San Francisco. And thus Warren and his little family arrived there.

He had a few dollars in his pocket-book, and he hired lodgings in a small house, near the outskirts of the town. He set about at once looking for employment. To his surprise, it was as difficult here to obtain work as in New York.

Day after day he went about on his hopeless rounds. He could find nothing to do. "Give me a piece of bread," said Flora, one morning—"a piece of bread wis' salt on it."

"What! have we no sugar," said Warren. "I thought we had a little."

"No, papa," said Flora, climbing on his knees. "Sugar's all gone and so I can't have bread wis' sugar, but there's plenty of salt, and I like

at on bread," she added, clapping her hands. A few days later it was still worse. The last morsel of bread had been eaten. Flora called stoutly for more, for the child was hungry. Her mother and father were still hungrier. They were weak from the want of food. Warren went his rounds as usual, but in vain. At length he found himself on the outskirts of the city. He hoped he might be lucky enough to kill some bird or rabbit with a stone. But bird and rabbit kept shy of him; he failed to obtain either. By this time he was faint, and his brain reeled. He felt strangely bewildered. All at once he heard a piteous voice. It came from a rude hut a few feet distant. There he discovered a dying man—a wan, emaciated creature in patched garments. "Give me a little water!" he gasped. Warren gave him water from a jug near him. "Have you no friend, no relative, that I can go to and bring here?" inquired Warren. "I do not think I have a relative living," gasped the man. "I was dying here alone before you came. Will you do me a favor? Lift up those bricks in the fireplace and bring me my keg."

Warren removing the bricks, which were loose, discovered a paint keg, and brought it to the man. It was filled to the brim with silver half dollars! "I have been a miser," groaned the sufferer, "but you can see for yourself I have not saved much. Will you take this keg—to—"

Before he could finish he gave a shudder and his eyes became glazed. He was dead! Warren looked at him awhile; then his gaze wandered to the keg of coins! The whirling sensation was still in his head. His mind seemed to stare at the silver heap. The man had owned he was a miser—probably he had no relative. In that case there was no heir to the money.

How much good that amount would do little Flora and his wife! They were hungry—almost starving. His gaze was caught by a slip of paper among the silver pieces. He took it out and read it: "This keg of money to be taken to Roger Barmont, merchant, No. — street, San Francisco, in case of my death."

Rodger Barmont! Warren had seen the name over wholesale store of the wealthy merchant. A few days before he had unsuccessfully applied there for employment. There were probably about one hundred dollars in the keg.

To Barmont, the rich wholesale dealer, this would be a mere trifle—to Warren it would be food and shelter—perhaps life itself! Why should this trifle go to the golden hoards of the merchant when Warren needed it so much more?

The poor man glared at the coins—ho looked at them long and wistfully. Then at last, he flung his arms into the air, as if to hurl the temptation from him. "To take that money would be to steal."

"My God, no!" he cried, "I cannot do it! I feel ashamed of myself for even thinking of such a thing! I had my brain been right, I would not have thought of it. My mind is strangely weakened."

He picked up the keg and took it straight to Roger Barmont. The merchant read it through his gold spectacles. "It's all right," he said quickly, after Warren had explained. "I am much obliged to you. I will have the body decently buried."

Warren looked around him, wistfully. Stalwart men were moving hither and thither handling bales, boxes and casks. A legion of clerks were making their pens fly over the pages of the ledgers. There was one cask half full of sugar, outside, partly open. A drizzling rain was falling, wetting this sugar.

"Would you like to have that cask moved into the store?" he inquired faintly. Mr. Barmont looked up. "Oh! I believe I have not rewarded you for bringing me these silver pieces," he said.

He took a quarter from his pocket and laid it on the counter. "No, thank you; but I will take it for moving the cask if you like."

"Very well," said Barmont more gently. "Move it as soon as you can."

Warren tugged at the heavy cask. It was too much for his strength in his present weak condition. But he got it in the store. Then

he staggered against it nearly fainting. "A glass of wine here!" called Mr. Barmont. One of the clerks brought it. It revived him, although he still looked bewildered. "What makes you so weak? Have you been ill?" inquired the merchant. The other gazed, as if by a fascination against which he struggled, with a hungry look, at a box of damaged crackers, which one of the clerks was about to throw into a refuse cask! Mr. Barmont drew Warren to one side. "What is your name, and where do you live?" he inquired. "Thomas Warren. I live at No. — street."

"Have you a family?" "A wife and child. Would that Mary Marston had never married a poor wretch like me!" "Mary Marston! Was that your wife's name?" cried Barmont, starting. "Yes, sir."

"She had a brother. What was his name?" "Thomas Marston. He went away years ago and has not been heard of since."

"Your wife was in Boylston, Massachusetts—was she not?" "Yes, sir."

"Very good; and so you did not know that the miser who just died was Tom Marston, her brother?" "Good heavens! No!"

"It is a fact—he was. Here is half a dollar for moving the cask. I will call upon you to-night."

Warren went home with some provisions bought with the half dollar. To his astonished wife he told his story. Not long after, the old merchant, Mr. Barmont came.

He made a few inquiries of Mrs. Warren which fully satisfied him of her identity—that she was really Mary Marston.

He unlocked a small satchel he had brought with him, and exhibited the contents—fifty thousand dollars in crisp bank notes. "What does this mean?" cried the bewildered Warren and his wife simultaneously.

"It means," said Mr. Barmont, "that your brother, Thomas Marston, who was a miser, looked upon me as his only friend. Every penny which he hoarded, except just enough to supply his few wants, he placed in my keeping. I kept all his money locked up in my safe for him."

With him he always had a keg full of counterfeit half dollars so that in case robbers should steal from him they would obtain only those worthless coins. He has been away for many years, and must have but just returned. Before he went, he informed me that, in case of his death he would send me the keg of counterfeits, as he would rather they should not be found about his premises. He was afraid it would make people think he had been a counterfeiter. After his death I was to advertise for his sister. He did not know whether she was living or not, but if I found her, I was to give her his money which I had in charge. This was the request he made to me, and which I promised to comply with. It was also arranged, that if I did not hear from him, or hear of his death within twenty years after his departure, I was to keep his money for my own use, and not trouble myself to make any inquiries about his sister. I expostulated with him on this point, but he had always been eccentric, and he would have his own way. Had I not heard of his death to-day, by to-morrow the twenty years would have expired, and I should have kept my agreement by retaining the money. I hope you will believe me when I say that I am really glad of the change which has been afforded me of giving it to the rightful heir.

When he was gone Warren said to his wife: "How fortunate I did not yield to the temptation to retain that keg of coins. Had I done so I would probably soon have been arrested for passing counterfeit money, besides which you would never have heard of your fortune or have received a penny of it!"

"True," said Mary. "And oh! husband!" she added, embracing him, "I would sooner have starved than have known that you kept those coins! I am sure you would never have thought of doing it had not your mind been weakened by care and hunger combined."

"I believe my brain was nearly turned at the time," he answered. A week after Warren went into business with some of his wife's money. He is now one of the most thriving wholesale merchants in San Francisco.

A Nebraska monument to a horse thief is simply a stake at the head of a grave and a sign reading: "It would have been cheaper for him to go afoot."

A Modern Ruth.

A pretty story was told some time ago in an exchange, as follows: A young lady from the South was wooed and won by a young California physician. About the time the wedding was to come off, the young man lost his entire fortune. He wrote the lady a letter releasing her from her engagement. And what does that dear, good girl do? Why, she takes a lump of gold which her lover had sent her in his prosperity as a keep-sake, and, having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him with the following inscription: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

We may add that fortune again smiled on the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the South to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such undying affection. Readers, this is all true. Young ladies who read the bible as closely as the heroine of this incident seems to have done are pretty sure to make good sweethearts, and better wives.

Changing the Color of the Eyes.

The strangest news that comes to us from Germany is that a doctor has discovered a means of dying the human eye any color he likes, not only without injury to the delicate orbs, but, as he asserts, with positive advantage to the powers of sight. He can not only give fair ladies eyes black as night or blue as orient skies by day, but he can turn them out in hue of silver or gold. He says golden eyes are extremely becoming. Nothing goes down with a grand name; therefore the German doctor calls his discovery "Ocular Transmutation." He declares himself quite ready to guarantee success and harmlessness in the operation.

The Senate Snuff Box.

There is a curious old custom kept up in the United States Senate chamber. On each side of the Vice-President's seat are fastened two old snuff boxes. They are the result of a custom inaugurated almost at the foundation of the government, when snuff-taking was a universal habit. Thurman is a universal Senator who makes a habit of using snuff, but sometimes a Senator will stop and take an occasional pinch, while the many visitors to the chamber will take a little of curiosity. At first the box was kept on the Vice-President's desk, but in those days so many of the Senators used the article, and so frequently forgot to bring their boxes with them, that it was resolved to place two public receptacles for it, and in the annual expenses of the Senate is always found the item of snuff.

Doing up Men's Linen.

A husband complained that his shirt bosom and collars were badly done up, and the case was referred to a knowing shirt-maker, and his answer was well worthy the attention of housekeepers: "Yes," said the man, "the fault is with your laundress. While doing up your collars she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable, and a good pull will alter a fourteen-inch into a fifteen-collar in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch them crosswise, and not lengthwise. Then in straightening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They also ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull will draw the front of the neckband somewhat under your collar. With the front of your neckband an inch too high, you have a most undesirable combination." The necessary changes were made in the methods of the laundry, and all was right with shirts and collars.

Old Postmasters

The curiosity of the clerks in the Postoffice Department in Washington was piqued on Monday by a letter from Roswell Beardsley, Postmaster at North Lansing, New York, who said that he has held that office for over fifty-one years, and they began to look over the records to find out the oldest postmaster. Mr. Beardsley proved to be the man, for he was commissioned on June 28, 1828. Edward Stabler, now postmaster at Sandy Springs, Maryland, was appointed by Andrew Jackson, in 1830.

You can shorten a courtship at least a year by presenting the female with a big locket from the nearest dollar store, and dropping a hint that it cost about twenty dollars.